

CAPITAL CITY COURIER

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TOWN TALK

To most of those who read the announcement Tuesday morning of the death of Mrs. J. C. Salisbury, of 234 South Twenty seventh street, the news came with a grievous shock. No lady in Lincoln had more thoroughly endeared herself to so large a circle of acquaintances as had Mrs. Salisbury. A prominent and active member of several of the city's leading social organizations, her charming home was ever at their disposal and her genial hospitality never faltered or diminished toward those whose society she so delighted and was so well qualified to enjoy. She sought that social culture which made not only her own home but the homes of her acquaintances happy and attractive. She was a devout worshipper at the double shrine of her Lares and Penates, and a glance through the portal of her beautiful home was an invitation to enter. A model wife and mother has been called suddenly hence, and the grief that bears with such crushing weight upon the husband and two motherless babes will be shared by hundreds who had ever admired the deceased as a steadfast and earnest friend and neighbor. Her thirty-two years of life had been nobly spent in building up a home and a position in the society that surrounded her of which any woman might be justly proud, and has not therefore lived in vain. She had accomplished the highest mission and enjoyed the dearest triumph of true womanhood.

A lady friend of the deceased sends in the following verses which are respectfully dedicated to the memory of Mrs. Salisbury:

Another bright spirit hath winged its flight,
And passed from her friends away.
To dwell at home with the angels of light,
In the realms of an eternal day.

A once happy home is saddened now—
Seems desolate, drear, and lone,
Since the dearest treasure they possessed—
The wife and mother has flown.

But should we grieve for the loved one gone,
Who before us the journey hath trod,
When we know she's at rest in another home,
The beautiful city of God.

For sure we know the heart yearns not
For earth's transient joys and love,
Far sweeter to us is the blessed thought:
She is happy in heaven above.

When she was with us she welcomed all
To her beautiful earthly home,
But now waits with smiles to greet us
In her new and happy home.

Lincoln got happily out of the state league of base ball teams. When she did drop out she was awarded no end of sarcastic censure by some of the smaller sister cities who took up the burden Lincoln laid down, and started out with the utmost bravado. Among the most sarcastic of all criticisms came from Fremont and Plattsmouth. In the former city the brightest lights of the newspaper profession waxed exceedingly and exuberantly funny because Lincoln concluded to drop out of slow company. It is therefore surprising to note that the dead game sports of Fremont were the first to conclude that the state league was not a very good thing to tie to. Plattsmouth soon did an ignominious likewise, if the expression may be permitted. The language now constitutes Beatrice, Hastings, Grand Island and Kearney, who are clinging on desperately in the hope of retrieving losses that have been sustained. One thing has been apparent from the start. It is that Nebraska cranks want good ball or none. If the state league reorganizes next year it will doubtless be with an increased salary limit that will secure ball players. As it is now some of the teams have gone so far past the limit that they have forgotten all about it, but they haven't played ball to any alarming extent.

One of the evening papers which usually rides its hobby horse backwards has started out for once face foremost. It advocates opening up and beautifying the city park. It is a project which should command the support of the people, were it advocated by a circus poster, and probably will in this instance be in due time successful. One member of the council had started out with that end in view the project was publicly agitated. With slight expense the present city park could be made a popular and attractive resort. The shade, the broad walks, the grass and the breeze are already there. A little polishing, modest floral decoration, a few fountains and the requisite illumination would be all the elements necessary to popularity and usefulness. The vice fence should be torn away, not only because it is unsightly and unnecessary, but because it is dangerous and unlawful. Councilman Veith and his colleagues, if any he may have with him in the project, are on the right track.

There are quite a number of individuals in Lincoln who would shine as favorites at Monte Carlo. They thrive off the avarice of their associates. Their cultivated wits and tricks enable them to win the favor of Dame Fortune. They wear diamonds that challenge the admiration and envy of the honest and industrious. Their attire is similarly rich and neat, their faces are always clean shaven, their hands unpunctured with toil and their brows unclouded with care. They never seem to want for anything they can get. While the toiler sweats and pants through the dull routine of the battle for bread and butter, they sit in the shade and get such enjoyment out of life as can only be had for money. In many European countries their success would be their passport to the highest social circles. Though they thrive here in spite of law and the vigilance of its minions, few of them have access to respectable homes. Now and then some paper starts a noisy and arrogant crusade against them, but they go quietly along in their beaten path and in a short time the crusade drops cunningly but significantly from publicity. It has accomplished its purpose: the gambler has lost and the game goes on. A



bob-tail newspaper can always beat a full-handed gambler. The latter always recognizes "the power of the press," pays up quietly and keeps a secret. Some day one of these short lived crusades will end in exposure and the crusaders will retire from the business. Few reputable people have any use or sympathy for a gambler, fewer still would have any use for these occasional crusaders.

The Rock Island's proposition to cross O street at grade has developed a municipal controversy that embodies considerable bitterness. All the venom and back-biting proclivities that could mark a political campaign have found a place in this contest. The populace appeared to be about evenly divided on the advisability of permitting a grade crossing. Curiously enough many East Lincoln property owners favored it. Such a crossing they think would foster a business center in East Lincoln, chiefly along Twenty-seventh street. Other ardent friends and home-owners in East Lincoln bitterly opposed it, contending that it would ruin the present bright prospects of that section as a fine residence portion and would prove of great advantage to South Lincoln. They reason that people will not build homes for their families where they will be required to cross railroad tracks in going to and returning from the business part of the city, the public buildings and other places where it may be necessary to go many times a day. Many people in South Lincoln favored it because they believed it would benefit that portion. Others disapproved it because it would ruin O street as a drive and cut off intercourse between the east and the west sides. All were equally confident that they were right. A good many influences were lugged into the controversy that were not pertinent. For instance it was claimed that the Burlington was opposed to permitting the grade crossing, and yet no one authorized to represent the Burlington has ever said a word on the subject. It is altogether probable that the Burlington would prefer to see the Rock Island permitted to cross that busy portion of O street at grade. There would then be less force to the clamor for viaducts on West O street.

The street railway people have spoken in opposition to the grade crossing, and very naturally, as it is a menace to their business and patronage. The Rock Island managers fully appreciate the advantage a grade crossing would be to them, and it is very probable that it would not be long ere several other leading lines would be utilizing the privilege with equal satisfaction. There ought to be a way of settling such questions as this by a vote of the people, as the delegation of power to the council inflicts upon honest and conscientious officials too great and vexing responsibilities, and affords the dishonest too powerful a temptation and opportunity for profitable traffic.

Possibly the origin of that comfortable but much ridiculed garment of the wardrobe feminine, the mother Hubbard, is not generally known. Lady Brassey, in one of her delightful books on travel, tells us it is the national dress of the women of that island known from its beauty as the "Pearl of the Pacific." And she gives a most charming pen picture of these child-women who habitually wreath themselves in garlands, and who followed herself and party about the island, mischievously slipping over their heads and shoulders hoops of the brilliant bud tropic blossoms. Whether it was Lady Brassey herself, or some enterprising modiste of her party, who filched the pattern from these child-like Hawaiian women, I know not; but at least I know the unbelieved comfort of the garment.

It is not often that THE COURIER discusses the methods of procedure of the scientific press. Technical journals are doubtless bound by the rules of the profession they represent, and these rules are more or less

mysterious to the lay world. Just now, however, the medical press has an opportunity of which it seems to be slow to take advantage. The secular press is just now full of items of interest bearing on the so-called "Keeley Cure." The land is full of people who are blessing or cursing Keeley, according to the nature of their experience. As to all this, possibly, the medical press is not called on to speak. From the standpoint of the medical profession, such people are only to be regarded as the victims of quackery, since Keeley does not recognize the profession and the profession returns the compliment.

There is, however, another side to the matter. The profession, or at least some members of it, know what the Keeley fluid is. Keeley has not guarded his secret perfectly. Why does not the medical press "interview" some such men as Dr. A. W. Jackson of Brooklyn, or Dr. E. J. Fiske of Troy, who know the secret and who are now treating dozens of patients who are suffering from the effects of the Keeley Cure? Either of these men could tell the world much that would be of interest, and of incalculable value to the public, and it seems to be within the province of the medical press to exploit these facts. If, however, the professional journals do not for any reason see fit to do this, why does not some secular paper take hold of a first-class sensation by investigating the case from the other end. All that has been done hitherto has been done from Keeley's standpoint.

The announcement made elsewhere in this issue of Mr. S. M. Ashby's re-embarkment into mercantile business in Lincoln as a member of the well-known firm of J. W. Winger & Co., will be welcome and pleasant news to the legions of friends of that gentleman. Mr. Ashby's experience in the dry goods business and his wide range of acquaintances will be both profitable to himself and to the old reliable house with which he has connected himself.

The Woman that Shops.
What is nicer than to get up early these beautiful mornings and go down town while it is pleasant to do your buying for the day? Ladies who make it a rule find it not a duty or task but a genuine pleasure, especially when they get accustomed to go to a place and can rely on representations made. Such a place may always be found if ladies will call at Lome Meyer & Co.'s on Tenth street opposite the postoffice. One of the firm is always present to look to the interests of their patrons—thereby, in a great measure, lies the success of the institution. These nice mornings the store is always well filled with lady buyers and they seem to recognize it now as a sort of meeting place where they chat and enjoy the time while trading. The clerks are all courteous and polite and every attention is bestowed that goes to make their visits pleasant.

As to the firm's stock at this time, it may truthfully be asserted that neither in the dry goods or grocery department has it ever been as large. Everything late and stylish in dress goods and dry goods generally, is there to be seen, while in the provision line, there is nothing that you can call for, either domestic or imported, that you cannot get on demand. Verily, it's the place to trade.

Cheap money for home builders can be obtained by investing in S. and B. shares of the Lincoln Loan and Building association which entitle the holder to borrow one hundred dollars on each share held, gives him a pro rata share of all the earnings of the corporation and enables him to pay off the loan in easy monthly installments, but little in excess of rent. This is a purely mutual and home institution. Office in rear room, First National bank.

Chas. Slattery, professional horseshoer and farrier. Diseases of the feet treated by the latest scientific modes. Horses called for and returned. New shop 416 South Eleventh street, between K and L.

STAGE GOSSIP

[Special COURIER Correspondence.]

New York, June 25.—The novelty of the week happened last week, as the Irishman would say, and has surprised everybody. No one interested in it had the slightest confidence in it, and it was put on as a mere stop-gap to bridge over the summer. It was produced on Saturday at the Casino, and lo and behold! when the curtain fell the consensus of opinion pronounced "The Vice Admiral" the biggest hit the house had made since "Erminie." In the strictest confidence I do not agree with the consensus, but Carl Milcke's music is pretty enough and the libretto a good enough to last during the "silly season."

On Monday a new dance was added to the many clever features in "A Trip to China-town" at Hoyt's Madison Square Theatre by Miss Bessie Clayton. She is a very graceful dancer and as a saratoga artist is several heads higher than any other dancer in her line, in fact the young lady is not only able to kick her own height, but just one quarter higher by actual measurement.

The condition of the stage can always be best ascertained by studying the statistics of the stage-struck. "Stage-struck" of I may coin a word in strictest conformity with any etymological analogy is as well known an affliction as sunstroke, though its consequences being usually not always less serious, it has not received the same amount of scientific investigation. It may be doubted, indeed, whether it has ever before raged with so much violence through every class of the community as it does at present. Few are too high, and as has been recently demonstrated, hardly any too low, to escape the infection. The "society" actor, the young man who is "quite a gentleman, you know," doth more and more abound, as also does the young woman "who is so well connected and all that sort of thing," and whose parents do not know whether to be shocked at her craze or to share it. These types are unquestionably multiplying, as in fact they have been for a decade and more, at a great rate, having steadily kept pace with the growth of the theatres during the period in question.

The weather in New York has been so warm during the week that everything the artist is at a standstill. There is very little talk about next season, and so few people have been to the theatre that the great army "at liberty" have given up the chase and are in hiding waiting for the hot spell to burn itself out. To get an idea of the work the sun is doing just now, I quote the words of one of the clever young men on the *Sun* who evidently suffers with more poetic heart than any of his confreres:

"Beautiful June is here for true, with the ethereal midday that is peculiarly her own."

letter to a friend says: "London has proved the biggest kind of a jolly surprise to me. From what I had been told about foggy London before leaving home I did not anticipate any surprisingly good times while here, and had made up my mind to go right to Paris and spend most of my time there, but since my arrival here I have met so many nice people and have been treated so royally that I am beginning to hate the thought of leaving dear old London, don't you know, and have postponed my visit to Paris for two weeks." Miss Rice adds in a postscript that she has secured a descriptive song which she thinks will create a sensation.

The Lansing will be a cool and pleasant resort to visit Monday evening to see *Gloriana*. The powerful cool air fans will be in full operation and Acting Manager Oliver assures us the house will be comfortable during the entire performance. The sale of seats has been very large, all the lower boxes have been sold and the audience promises to be a large and very fashionable one. If you have not secured your seats yet, it's time you were moving toward the box office.

A new opera by a new composer has been produced in Milan with a success equal to "Cavalleria Rusticana." The composer is a young Neapolitan, Leon Cavallo, by name, and he owes his introduction to the famous music publisher, Signor G. Ricordi. The opera is called "L'Inferno," and possesses in the first place strong dramatic interest. It is a two-act tragedy, in which there is not a superfluous word. The composer is his own poet, and has written a libretto admirably suited to musical treatment. The familiar theme of love and jealousy is saved from being commonplace by a novel situation. A strolling company of pantomimists enact the comedy of a faithless wife and a jealous husband before a group of villagers. But, secretly, they are playing their parts in earnest, and the comedy merges into and ends in a tragedy.

Ed. Church is doing the theatrical precincts of Gotham and a correspondent writes that a *Sun* reporter took him for Alvin Karpis while on Broadway the other day. Both gentlemen being about the same size, and both wearing diamonds, the mistake could have easily been made by almost anyone. However, Mr. Church is putting in good time in New York, as the Lincoln theater public will realize next winter.

GLORIANA'S VISIT, JULY FOURTH.
If reliance is to be placed in the reports that come from New York regarding the brightness and attractiveness of Mr. James Mortimer's latest farce comedy, "Gloriana," there should be unbounded merriment at the Lansing Monday evening. The play is an-

which appears is the same that presented the play in New York and there is not an individual in the cast who has not been warmly praised by metropolitan critics, most of them having made distinguished successes. They are nearly all familiar to Lincoln people as clever and experienced actors and actresses, viz: E. J. Healey, Henrietta Crossman, Frederick Bond, May Robson, Chas. B. Wells, Margaret Robinson, Edwin Stevens, Joseph Allen, Thomas A. Wier, Wm. Robson. Prices are as usual and seats are now selling.

THEATRICAL TALK.

Charles Frohman returned from Europe Wednesday looking as sunburnt and as jolly as a mariner on shore-leave after a year's cruise.

Truth for stage purposes is the conforming of action, diction, face, voice, movement and gesture to an ideal type, invented by the dramatist and frequently enhanced by the actor.

The first American tour of Mervyn D'Almeida's "Home on the Range," which has the unbroken record of six years continuous run in London and great Britain, will begin at Hammerstein's Opera House, New York City, August 15.

Miss May Brookyn, who has entirely recovered from her recent illness, will not go to Europe this summer, but will rest at her pretty up-town residence in New York, where she says she can be more comfortable than at any hotel by the seaside.

Junusque Jenny Joyce is being sued by her husband, tenor John Edward Stanley, for divorce. John Edward seems to have a strong case in which figures a handsome young Spaniard, Ernesto Montoro by name, and as Jenny does not care a rap John Edward will probably win the suit in a canter.

A subdrette is never at her best until she is thirty, and none of them who have made any mark at all are less. Proof: Lotta, Nellie McHenry, Lena Merrill, Alice Harrison, Maggie Mitchell, George Parker, Fay Templeton, Laura Burt, Jennie Yonans, Katie Emmet, Amy Lee, Lole Fuller and Ullie Akers.

It is said by the wise ones in New York that Hill's nomination at Chicago would have been worth a good deal of money to the profession, in New York at least, because the dear public would not go wild with enthusiasm either over Harrison or Hill, and thus the theatres would stand a good chance of holding their own during election time. With Cleveland, it's a horse of altogether another color.

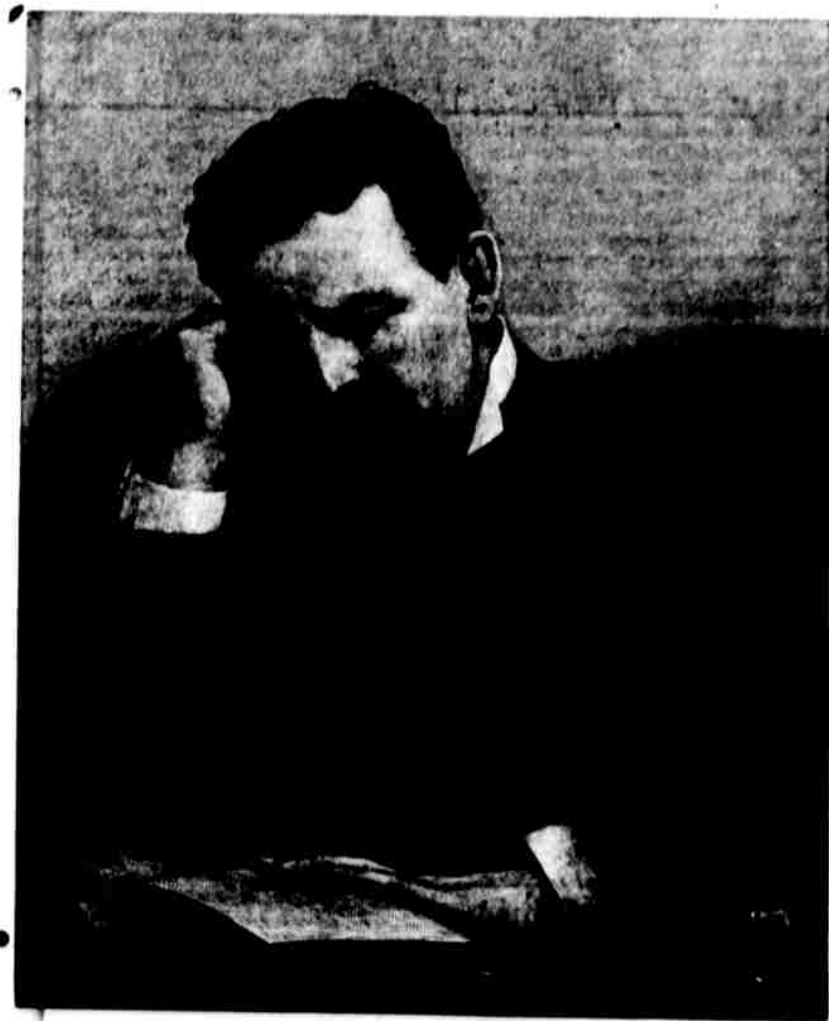
J. BRISDEN WALKER.

Few magazine readers of to-day are unfamiliar with the name of the editor of the *Cosmopolitan*, whose likeness appears on this page and a biography of this noted publisher-editor will be read with interest. A Pennsylvanian by birth, at the age of ten Mr. Walker entered a classical school in Washington, D. C. He pursued his studies at various schools for the next ten years, finally resigning from West Point in 1868, to enter the military service of the Chinese government at the suggestion of Hon. Anson Burlingame, who was on his way around the world as ambassador of that country, accompanying the Hon. J. Ross Browne. Returning to the United States in 1870, he engaged in manufacturing in the Kanawha Valley, took an active interest in politics and was nominated for congress. In the panic of 1873 and '74 he lost his entire fortune. Turning to the nearest work at hand he prepared a series of articles for the *Cincinnati Commercial Gazette* on the mineral and manufacturing interests of the country. At that time the *Pittsburgh Telegraph* asked Mr. Halstead to recommend an editor who was "not," as they expressed it, "afraid to say what he thought." Their letter was sent to Mr. Walker, endorsed: "Respectfully submitted to J. B. W. M. H." In consequence Mr. Walker, shortly afterwards became managing editor of the *Telegraph*. In 1876 he was made editor in chief of the *Washington Daily Chronicle* and for three years was engaged in journalism. In 1878 he removed to Denver and engaged, in a small way, in alfalfa farming. He was a pioneer in the introduction of that wonderful plant, and gave his farm the closest personal attention, wearing overalls and flannel shirt, working in the ditches or spending his day on horseback, and at the end of ten years making Berkeley farm the largest alfalfa farm east of the Rocky Mountains. At the same time he was engaged in a series of engineering operations, which secured from the Platte river an area equal to more than 500 lots adjoining the Union Depot of Denver, and almost in the heart of the town. He was eminently successful in both pursuits. He returned to New York a millionaire, and purchasing the *Cosmopolitan Magazine*, he devoted the same energy to building it up that he had displayed as a soldier or politician, a newspaper man and a real estate operator.

Mr. Walker is a man of quick perceptions, marked executive ability, positive opinions, and original ideas. When he took hold of the *Cosmopolitan* his first move was to cut down the circulation claims to actual figures. He printed twenty thousand copies and he said so. The advertising canvassers had been claiming forty, sixty and even eighty thousand. Mr. Walker refused all contracts made on this basis, and stuck to the actual figures. When the *New York World* sent Nellie Bly around the world, Mr. Walker promptly dispatched Miss Elizabeth Bisland, a brilliant young writer on his editorial staff, who started on six hours notice, in the opposite direction to beat Miss Bly. It is a fact which has been proven, that had it not been for a trick perpetrated by the *World*, Miss Bisland would have beaten Miss Bly by three days. But the race served to advertise the *Cosmopolitan* and secured for it a series of articles from the pen of Miss Bisland which were remarkable for breeziness, originality and literary charm.

Conservatory of Music.

A summer term in Piano, Voice, and Violin, especially for school children, and those wishing to study during vacation, will open June 20th. Special prices in class, also private lessons. 6-11-4t.



J. BRISDEN WALKER

the aspen quivers in the brake, the springing trout lies dead, while gurgling waters lave his sides, and man, godlike man, merris his own vanished gills and swimming bladder. His perspiring imagination hies to sequestered glens, where fanny's ears hearken to the trickling waters, or seeks out caverns by ocean's tumbling marge. He sees the breaker in the milk shake's foam, and hears in the tinkle of ice within the glass the rill that dances down the darkling dell. Other rills creep down his own back and make a pool in either shoe. His umbrella lends him the sweet illusion of leafage, while the street car whistle annunciates the least quivering strain. Now flies his fancy to arctic seas, where tower green-shed walls of ice and playful whales are gamboling. Within doors his involuntary sizzles seem to embrace him with the clammy caress of an oyster. And so he slips exiles and breathes heated salutations to the bonny month of June.

And "If you see it in the *Sun* it's so."

DESLER.

Fanny Rice is having a great time in London through Mrs. Alcey Shaw. She has received considerable social attention and in a